840. L 31

Mr. *ADDISON*'s

FINE

ODE

TO

Dr. Tho. Burnet, &c.

Mr. ADDISON's

ODE

TO

Dr. Thomas Burnet,

ON

THE ODYSSEY of Mr. PARNELL.

Mr. ADDISON's

FINE

ODE

TO

Dr. Thomas Burnet,

On His SACRED

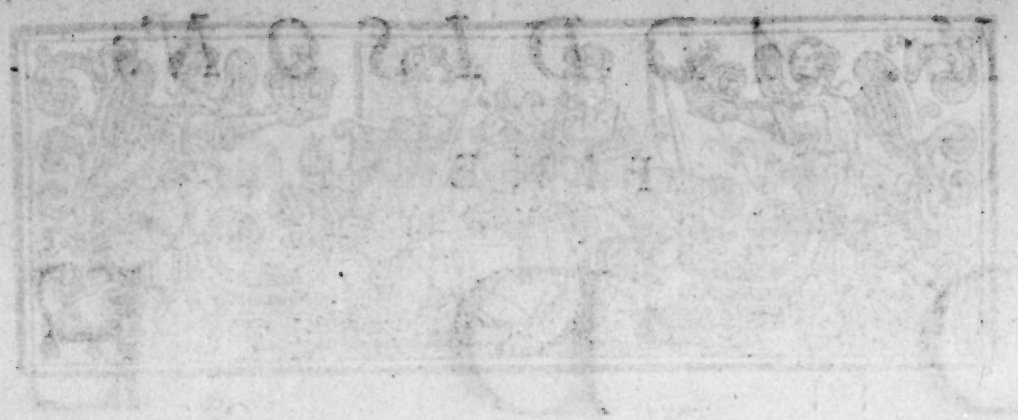
THEORY *of the* EARTH.

Done into *Engliſh* by the Author of a late TALE call'd *COFFEE.*

Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere, Fidus Interpres. ——— HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for T. WARNER, at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.* M.DCC.XXVII.



41.
11. 1.
108.

TO THE

KING *and* QUEEN's

MOST EXCELLENT

MAJESTIES.

SIR *and* MADAM!

THE noble Syſtem, of which Mr. *Addiſon*'s incomparable Poem is an exact Miniature; was graciouſly received, when formerly addreſſed to a KING and a QUEEN, Your Royal Predeceſſors. Together with which Gentleman's moſt elegant Epitome, my faint

Copy of it is ſubmiſſively offered at the Feet of BOTH Your MAJESTIES; that ONE in a well-taſted Dead-language, the OTHER in an obliged and favoured Living-one, may take a ſummary View of the Place of Your SECOND *Coronation*; in happy Prelude to a THIRD, which Ye are farther to enjoy, in the ultimate and beatific Receptacle of the JUST and GOOD. A preſumptuous Wiſh, that theſe grand *Revolutions* may, for your People's intermediate Advantage, commence Late, muſt firſt ask Pardon; and, on that Dependence, is ſincerely profeſſed to be the conſtant and fervent Prayer, of almoſt the Privateſt amongſt

Your MAJESTIES

Moſt Unfeigned, moſt Humble,

And moſt Obedient Subjects.

AD

INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM,

D. *THOMAM BURNETTUM,*

SACRÆ

THEORIÆ-TELLURIS

AUTOREM.

NON uſitatum Carminis alitem,
BURNETTE! poſcis; non humiles Modos:
Vulgare Plectrum, languidæq;
Reſpuis officium Camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerûm Semina, conſcius,
Molemq; cernis diſſociabilem;
Terramq; concretam, & latentem
Oceanum Gremiô capaci!
Dùm, Veritatem quærere pertinax,
Ignota pandis; Sollicitus parúm,
Utcùnq; ſtet commune Vulgi
Arbitrium & popularis Error.
Auditur ingens continuò Fragor,
Illapſa Tellus lubrica deſerit
Fundamina, & Compage fractâ
Suppoſitas gravis urget Undas.
Impulſus erumpit medius Liquor,
Terras Aquarum effuſa Licentia
Claudit viciſſim; Has inter, Orbis
Reliquiæ fluitant prioris.

Nunc &, recluſô Carcere, lucidam
Balæna ſpectat Solis imaginem;
Stellaſq; miratur natantes,
Et tremulæ ſimulacra Lunæ.
Quæ Pompa vocûm non imitabilis!
Qualis caleſcit Spiritus ingenî!
Ut tollis Undas! Ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis Tumultum!
Quis tàm valenti Pectore ferreus,
Ut non Tremiſcens & timidô Pede
Incedat; Orbis dum doloſi
Detegis inſtabiles Ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentûm Fragmina montium
Natura, Vultum ſumere ſimplicem,
Coget refingens; in priorem
Mox iterùm reditura Formam.

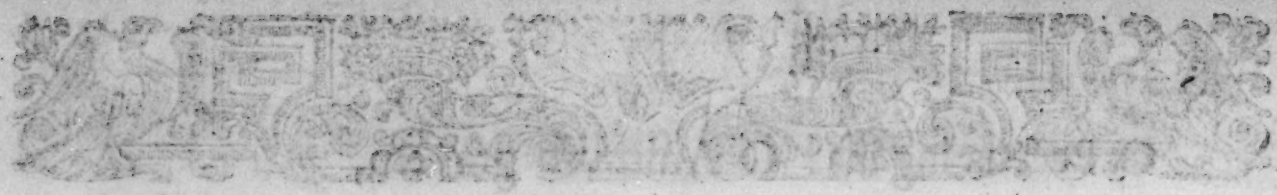
Nimbis

Nimbis rubentem ſulphureis Jovem
Cernas! Ut udis ſævit atrox Hyems
Incendiis, commune Mundo
Et Populis meditata Buſtum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos Nives,
Et mox liqueſcens Ipſe adamantinum
Fundit Cacumen; dùm per imas
Saxa fluunt reſoluta Valles.
Jàmq; alta Cœli Mœnia corruunt:
Et veſtra tandèm Pagina (proh Nefas!)
BURNETTE, Veſtra augebit Ignes;
Heu! ſociô peritura Mundô.
Mox æqua Tellus, mox ſubitus Viror
Ubiq; rident: En teretem Globum!
En læta vernantis Favonî
Flamina, perpetuoſq; Flores!

O Pectus

O Pectus ingens! O Animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! Si bonus Auguror;
Te, noſtra quô Tellus ſuperbit!
Accipiet renovata Civem.

TO



TO

That GREAT-THINKER,

Dr. *THOMAS BURNET,*

On His SACRED

THEORY *of the* EARTH.

NO uſual Flight of Verſe,
BURNET! no ſoft-ſtrung Lyre,
No ſlack Neap-tide of Wit,
Thy high Demands require:

Thy Phyſiologic-Ken,
With Juſtice, may refuſe
The inſufficient Homage,
Of my Demi-Muſe.

Thy curious Eye diſcerns
Seeds juſtling Seeds for Room,
The Mud-built Shell, and Seas
Within its ſpacious Womb.

In gen'rous Search of Truth, Thou feel'ſt
No mean-ſoul'd Terror;
Scornful of Doctoral-Device,
Or Vulgar-Error.

But, Hark! the crumbling Cruſt,
Ill-propp'd, cracks loud aſunder:
Mark next! Earth's headlong Plunge,
Amidſt the Fluids under.

Impriſon'd Waves, diſturb'd,
Start from their midland Bed;
And, with impetuous Rage,
O'er their Oppreſſor ſpread.

Huge Fragments, ſhapeleſs Lumps,
  Immanely float around;
Vaſt, hideous, Shatters
  Of primigenial Ground!

The now free-wallowing Whale,
  With all the finny Race;
Stare at the Sun, aſtoniſh'd
  By his golden Face:

The ſilver Moon and Stars
  Then gild the Watry-way,
And on its curling Surface
  Tremulouſly play.

How ſtrong thy Words! What muſt we
  Thy Large-Genius call?
No Copy can come Up,
  To thy Original.

 Whence

Whence was the firſt Diſcov'ry,
Of thy Noſtrum, made?
To bar again ſuch Flood-gates,
When once Open laid!

What Fears, what Jealouſies,
Diſtract the thoughtful Head?
Since taught by Thee! our Feet
On faithleſs Ruins tread.

But ſtill! this Rubbiſh, reſcu'd
From Diluvian-Fate;
Kind Providence reſtores,
To it's primeval State.

Lo! the Grand-Architect,
In ſecondary Ire;
With alter'd Scheme refines
A Globe relaps'd, by Fire.

From His conſuming Torch;
This juſt Vindictive brings,
Incluſively, one Fun'ral-Pile
To Men and Things.

The lofty'ſt Alp, at firſt,
Griev'd for it's dripping Ice;
Gutt'ring, at laſt, It-Self
A molten Quarry lies.

And Now pour ratling-down,
In furious Career!
The ſympathizing Rampiers
Of the Atmoſphere:

Thunder, and Lightning, Lambents,
Hail, Wind, Rain, and Snow;
With all th' aſpiring Train,
Of Meteors from below.

Into the common Blaze,
  Then will thy TOMES be hurl'd;
Impoſſible to fail,
  Till jointly with the World!

Here ſhifts the Scene; Now ceaſe
  All ſublunary Toils;
On a re-level'd Orb,
  A ſudden Verdure ſmiles!

A conſtant Equinox maintains
  Perpetual Spring,
And virtuous Minds Ideas
  Of Contentment ſing.

The Architect well-pleas'd,
  While Weſt-winds balm the Air,
Deſiſts; and laſtly ſays: Behold!
  The Work is Fair.

What now, Immenſe Coſmographer!
To Thee is due?
Diſtanc'd I ſtop; —— But, if
My Prophecy be true:

There Paradiſe-regain'd,
Unknowing Care or Want;
Shall, like our Earth, be proud
Of Thee it's Habitant.

And may'ſt Thou there in *pure* Devotions join,
With glorious GEORGE, and beauteous CAROLINE!
WHO, far as the *Materials* will bear,
Labour to conſtitute an EDEN here;
By *ſteadily* beſtowing their *Commands*,
On *beſt-computing* Heads, and *beſt-performing* Hands.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM